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# THE MISSILE

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## REPAIR

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*By Ruth Akerman.*

I found Mother Earth as she mended and patched,  
She welcomed me warmly and showed me her sewing.  
“A fort was blown up where the strong pines are growing.”  
She worked on the old battle-rips while I watched.

“Such underbred boors are these men when they quarrel!  
They tear my best gown, spill upon it their blood,  
Rip fine-wrought embroidery, green leaf and bud;  
They need better manners, not ribbon nor laurel.”

Came a cow, fragrant-breathing, to drink the cool water,  
Deep murmured the bees on the hot, sunny slope;  
The wind from the pines brought the vigor of hope,  
And ripe corn was tall on the scene of old slaughter.

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## THE SPEED KING

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*By Thomas Harding.*

Opportunity did not have to knock twice at Jack Steele's door. As soon as he had read the article announcing the two hundred and fifty mile race to be held at Los Angeles the following summer, he began to make his plans.

Jack was nineteen, and ever since his father had been killed in a race seven years before, he had been wanting to take his father's place in the racing world. His mother had died when he was five years old, and since then he had been breathing the fumes of carbon monoxide from the exhaust pipes of automobiles. Since his father's death, he had been taken care of by Dick Firth, his father's mechanic. Firth had established a

garage in San Francisco, and had made money. He had taught Jack the rudiments of race track driving, and Jack had proved a worthy pupil.

When Jack had completed his plans he decided to present them to Firth. He caught him at a slack hour one day, and announced his intention to drive in the big race.

Firth laughed at him, but finally it ran through to his brain that Jack was serious in his statement.

"Jack," he exclaimed, "you're too young!"

"No, I am not. I have made my plans. I want to buy the service car from you. I intend to make a racing car out of it."

"That rattle-trap! Take the Jordan that came in the other day. I'll let you have it for half what it cost me."

"It is not such a rattletrap as you think," said Jack. "It has a double-ignition, eight-cylinder motor, and is practically as good as new. I can gear it up three to one, shorten the drive shaft, put wire wheels on it, add a tachometer and a hand oil-pump—but here are my plans."

Firth went over the plans, and then sat up straight.

"I see you know what you are doing," he said. "I will give you the service car and any help you need to make it over."

Afterwards he became so enthusiastic over the idea that he would often descend into the pits with Jack and come up at night tired and greasy, but happy and humming a tune about the man who "Took four spools and an old tin can,

Made him a car and the darned thing ran."

The car was finally finished, and Jack painted it a gaudy red, with black zebra stripes. He painted on the head and radiator huge sevens, for seven had been his father's number.

He left for Los Angeles about four weeks ahead of time, but before he left, Firth gave him some parting advice.

"When you get there," he explained, "get permission to use the track. Try out your car and find out the speed at which you can make a set of tires last through a race. Your car is a joke, but you will have as good tires as any driver there. The seconds wasted in changing tires often mean a lost race. I am too old to be your mechanic, but, when the day comes, I will be in your dugout, and if you come in for a tire, I'll break your head."

Jack carried with him as a mechanic a bright young fellow of his own age, and a nephew of Firth. When they got there a month ahead of time, they were given use

of the track and free storage at the principal garage for advertising the race.

They tried the track at all speeds, and finally found that at which they could complete the course without stops. They then took the car to pieces for a final tuning-up, and went over it with as much care as if it had been an airplane.

By this time the others who were to participate in the race had begun to arrive. When Jack saw these confident gladiators of the race track, his heart misgave him a little, but he took on new courage when he thought of the advantage his knowledge of the track gave him. But when their cars began to come in with their mechanics, he would have quit on the spot if it had not been for the timely arrival of Firth, who put new courage into him.

Firth reminded him that, though these men were seasoned track men, most of their cars were new and untried, and that but few of them had ever raced on that track before.

Jack took an instant liking to most of these men, especially two Frenchmen, who had always been regarded as the "Twins of the Track." They were Jean Fontaine and Henri Hildebrand. Where one raced the other raced also, and they drove cars exactly alike. How-

ever, he formed an instant dislike to Carlos Morales, who was then the champion driver of South America.

At the qualification trials Morales tried to crowd Jack off the track, but was not successful, and afterwards tried to claim that Jack's driving was dangerous to the others. Fontaine, who heard this, said, "That ees the one grande lie. Some day I pull hees nose!"

The night before the race, a banquet was held for the drivers, and all of them had a story to tell except Jack. When it came his turn to speak, he got up and started to stammer, but finally said: "Gentlemen, I have no story to tell you, but I am driving an American car, and hope to go faster tomorrow than anyone has ever gone before."

That night Firth made Jack go to bed early, saying that he would go himself after he took a walk. Jack went to bed unsuspectingly. Firth, knowing more about racing than Jack, took a blanket and slept by the car all night. The next morning Jack was overwhelmed by this self-sacrifice on his friend's part.

"Firth," he said, "if I win this race, you will get your share."

"Jack," Firth replied, with tears in his eyes, "if you win this race, all I will want is a hospital and treatment for my heart."

The hour for the race arrived,

and the cars were lined up for the start. Firth gave Jack the parting advice that he should keep his head cool and watch his tires. The cars went once around the track in position, getting up speed, and as they came around the track, the starter waved his flag in the face of the nearest. The race was on! During the run around the track Jack had faltered, but the words of Firth came back to him, and, in the supreme moment, awoke him to the fact that the race was on. He snapped the car back into position with a twist of his wrist, and settled down to begin the grind.

His thoughts came back to him, and he did not try to keep pace with the impetuous leaders, remembering Firth's advice. He wanted to keep his car in readiness for the supreme moment.

The leaders came by him like a flash, having gained a lap. When Morales passed him, he was crowded to the rail; there was a click of hub-caps, and Morales looked back with a taunting smile. He was soon in the last place. Nevertheless, he was not worried, for soon he saw that some of the others had to go to their dugouts for tires. Hildebrand was waved off the track because of his car throwing a smoke screen. The Englishman had to go in on account of motor trouble. Others had to go

in on account of other troubles, cursing at the delays.

In the dugouts Firth was being joked on account of Jack not looking at his signals. Only he and Jack and Jack's mechanic knew that Jack was the only driver who had not yet stopped for some reason or other.

Meanwhile on the track Jack and Fontaine had teamed together temporarily to hold back Morales. Number Seven had crept up to third place. Soon it was second. Then the car that was first threw a wheel, and Jack was first.

Firth then had the laugh on the others in the dugouts. He showed them the card with Number Seven in first place, and shook his fist in their faces.

Jack increased his lead to two laps and was behind Fontaine, when suddenly his blood ran cold with the intuition that something was going to happen to Fontaine's car. He threw on his brakes, as he heard a loud report. Fontaine's car careened wildly, righted itself, turned over three times, and then lay still. By this time Jack had stopped his car. Fontaine, crawling out of the wreckage with a couple of smashed ribs, said, "Ah, you, too." Then seeing that Jack was all right, he said, "Mon Dieu! go on, go on!"

But Morales, having seen the signal at his dugout, "G-7" (get

Seven), had been driving like mad to make up the two laps he had lost. He was passing Jack as Number Seven was getting under way, having made up both laps while Jack had stopped. There were only three more miles to go, and he was straightening out into the final stretch. But even as his lunging mechanical wolf entered the stretch, a spark-plug cracked under the strain.

Number Seven, which hadn't been wide open during the race, was suddenly kicked into full power! Jack was just behind Morales. There was only one mile to go. Morales steered out, seemingly to give Jack the inside track. Jack, not being fully instructed in race strategy, took the opening. After he was in it, Morales steered

inward, and Jack saw the trick. It was too late to drop back, pass on the outside, and to win the race. It was seemingly impossible to get through the ever decreasing hole, but there was no other way to win the race. Jack took the chance, and gave the car all it would take. There was a brief moment when it seemed that he wouldn't get through; then the cars were side by side; then a click of hub-caps, and Number Seven plunged through and went under the line victorious by a length!

After the car stopped, the crowd came on the track. Jack felt someone beating him on the back, and heard Firth say, "Jack, with this twenty thousand dollars we will buy a car and show the whole darn world what the new Speed King can do!"

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## THE SEASONS

*By Frances Manson.*

I'm so happy in spring, when the bird's on the wing,  
And the flow'rs bloom so bright on the way;  
When the dark winter weather has left the earth,  
And the glad sun shines all the day.

I'll be glad when the summer has come again,  
And the trees have their full dress of green;  
When the weather is glowing, and all things are growing,  
And gay, happy parties convene.

I've just about come to this happy conclusion,  
As the enemy days dwindle and fade,  
That summer and winter, the springtime and fall,  
Have all been as charmingly made.

## HUMAN NATURE

By James Ayers.

I was reading just the other day Wordsworth's "*Intimations of Immortality*," and in doing so came across a passage that started me to thinking. Wordsworth was speaking of the eagerness of very young children to acquire worldly knowledge, and the lines that caused me to pause were, "As if his whole vocation were endless imitation."

We all know that children are the same now as they were then, and there has been very little change. But it is not so much the child as the grown-up that I am thinking of. Nowadays we are continually hearing of the evil and degeneration of our present age. We have changed so, it is said. It is true that mostly the old people say this, but I think that if they were to stop and look back to their childhood they would find how very, very little people and human nature have changed. They may be able to point out a few bad qualities of today that were not found fifty years ago, but doesn't this *argument* work two ways?

I have thought of this often, and am still certain in my mind that human nature, if it has changed at all, is better than it used to be. I like a good time, of course. So

does everyone else, but is this new at all? I have heard the younger boys and girls censured because of late hours and so many dances, but how many of them can boast of having stopped dancing at day-break, as all old people are wont to do? Certainly the dances have changed, but hasn't time changed, too? Isn't the waltz just as popular today as it was a long time ago? Isn't the same mince pie there; that is, in both cases, the real enjoyment of dancing?

I have also heard men, of a mature age, recalling childhood memories, and there are very few who do not loudly boast of the time they ran, or started to run, away from home. But I'll guarantee that when the boys of today grow up and recall their boyhood days, there will be very few who can boast of having even thought of such a thing. Why? I believe it is because the children of today are much wiser than they used to be.

The people of today (again the poor younger set especially) are also criticised severely because of their way of dressing, loud colors, short skirts, wide-bottomed trousers. My! what is the present age coming to? I am getting positively sick of hearing this. Look at

the pictures in an old family album and compare them with the pictures of today. Is there any difference? Enough difference to make me thank "my lucky stars" that I am a member of the younger boys' and girls' class of today.

I have looked at the question from every angle, and still believe that if the critics will give the present age a fair chance, it will be found that we still possess outstanding good qualities, and, above

all, if those who censure us will remember their various fashions and games they will find how little human nature has changed, and that as they did in their day, so we do today. But the funniest thing of all to me is how older people can boast of what they used to be, and still can completely forget it when they scold the boys and girls for their time-old, harmless hunt for amusement.

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## A LYRIC

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*By Honoria Moomaw.*

I walked one day to a glade of pines;  
They were very slim, and so very tall,  
And thousands of needles beneath them all  
Formed a floor of brownest velvet shade  
For the glinting hue of the sun's long lines.

Above was the blue of the heaven ceiling  
And it formed such a high, broad archway that  
I thought of an old, old church and I sat  
On the velvet of one of the pews, and watched  
The pine-ghosts their eerie shadows revealing.

The aisles were alive with the folk of the shade,  
The pines, tall and stately, stood very high,  
While the breeze rustling through each shadow near by,  
Each smile of the sky, each ray of the sun  
Sang praises to God by whom each was made.

## A MYSTERY SOLVED

*By Mary Diehl.*

It was March, but nobody need speak of the time of the year, for the wind told it to Lucy Norton as she sat writing at her father's desk. Not a sound could be heard but the little noise from her pen as she made it go swiftly over her paper. It was depressingly quiet, but somehow it always seemed so to her since her father had been so mysteriously murdered about six months before, right at his own gate.

Nobody had thought that she would stay on there alone with her old negro mammy, but she had gone away and tried it, and she found she could be better satisfied there in her own home than anywhere else.

Her father's mysterious murder was constantly in her mind. She could make herself contented in the day, but as night came on it seemed that a depression and chill came with it. She never slept quietly. She awakened at every little unusual noise, and always before her was her father's face as he lay dead at the gate on that dreadful night.

She had sent for the best detectives, but there had been absolutely no clue.

Six weeks before her father's

murder, an old servant had been murdered near the same spot. On that night and on the night of her father's murder she remembered hearing one long, strange cry. Some had thought a maniac had done it, but there was no sign of violence.

This night in March, as she sat there writing, she looked up at every sound.

The house was old and unusually gloomy looking. It had been owned by Lucy's ancestors as far back as she had ever been able to trace. The timbers were decaying, and the brick chimneys were gradually crumbling away. The vacant, eye-like windows and the white trunks of decaying trees made even a passerby feel depressed. It was a three-story house with large brick chimneys at both ends, which were densely covered with ivy. The rooms and halls were spacious and lofty. The ebon blackness of the floor and the carving of the ceiling gave an atmosphere of sombreness. The windows were long, narrow and pointed, and as feeble gleams of crimson light made their way through the panes, it gave one thoughts of departed spirits. Dark draperies hung about the walls. The furni-

ture of the rooms was antique and showed marks of having been in use long. The desolate, grim darkness made the entire place appear like a mansion of gloom and mystery.

When old Mollie, Lucy's negro mammy, moved around, there were many sounds to be heard. Lucy heard something that seemed to move swiftly around the yard, just a faint pat-pat-pat of feet. She turned out the light and looked out of the window, but there was not a sign of any living creature around. She went back to her writing, and having finished at about 11 o'clock, she retired.

The next day was Sunday, and it found Lucy in her usual pew at the only church in the village. She wasn't a good mixer and the village people never felt that they knew her or her father well. She seldom talked freely to anybody but Molly and her minister, Mr. Thompson. He was the only visitor she ever had.

That day Mr. Thompson went home with her for dinner. While they were at dinner a terrible storm came up and he was persuaded to spend the night.

They talked of the church work and of the improvements that were needed so badly. During the conversation Mr. Thompson happened to mention to Lucy the disappearance of "The Hermit"—as he was

always called. Lucy had never seen him but once, but a chill went through her body when she heard him spoken of. She couldn't tell why. She'd never forget his terrible look the one time she had seen him on the road. He had always remained a mystery to the village people. Nobody had ever been able to find out anything about him unless it was the minister. He had visited him several times, and once when he was sick he had looked after him for a week.

Lucy had heard, when she came home after her father's funeral, that the old man had gone—nobody knew where—but it had made no impression on her. In fact, when Mr. Thompson mentioned it, she had forgotten that she had ever heard it.

Mr. Thompson said he had thought of him so often and wondered what he had done with his pet. Lucy was more surprised when he told her that his pet was a ferocious panther.

That night about 1 o'clock Lucy awoke with a start. "Surely," she said to herself, "I must have dreamed it,"—but no, there was that terribly distressing cry that she had heard on those dreadful nights and once since.

She sprang from her bed, and, taking her pistol, went to the window. Nothing could she see. She slipped on her dressing gown and

slippers and went to Mr. Thompson's room. He, too, had been awakened by that mournful cry. Slipping on her clothes and holding a flashlight, they went downstairs."

It sounded like the cry of someone in deep distress. They listened again, but not a sound could be heard. These sounds never reached Mollie. Lucy thought sometimes it might be a blessing to be deaf as Molly was.

They waited in the library for some clue so that they might know where to look, but still none came. Then as they were mounting the stairs, again Lucy exclaimed, "Listen, I hear something moving around the house. It doesn't walk like a person." They ran downstairs on the porch just in time to see something run out of the gate. Mr. Thompson followed, with Lucy close at his heels. Then that dreadful sound again, and a bullet was fired from Mr. Thompson's pistol. Then another and another. With one long, last wail it fell—a panther!

Lucy fairly trembled with surprise. "Mr. Thompson, I know, I know," she said. "He killed my father and Tom. I know he did. I'll never forget that cry! It was the same I heard on those two nights."

Mr. Thompson thought for a moment and then said, "Lucy, this

is the 'Hermit's' pet."

Lucy's eyes widened in surprise. "How could it be!"

The next morning they arose early, breakfasted hurriedly, and drove into the village. They went to the depot and the agent told them where "The Hermit" seemed headed for. It was only a couple of hundred miles away, and Mr. Thompson had inquired for him there but nobody had been able to give him any information.

Lucy knew she couldn't rest until she found him. Detectives were called, and they knew they could locate him, even though they had never solved the mystery of Lucy's father's murder.

Six weeks later "The Hermit" was found. Not "The Hermit" either, but his trunks and his few possessions. He had died and left these few things locked away with no name of relatives or friends for them to be turned over to.

His landlord was about to open the letter that was addressed "My Brother's Daughter," when the detectives appeared on the scene.

The Hermit was her father's only brother. He had always been jealous of Lucy's father, and when the old home, owned by his grandfather, had been left to Lucy's father, he had determined to take it from him in some way. He never had succeeded financially and Lucy's father had. They didn't

even know where he was. For years he had been an animal trainer in a circus, and when he found Lucy's father was living in the handsome old mansion, he bought the panther and went to live in a hut about ten miles away. The animal had gotten away the night he killed old Tom. Then on the night of her father's death he had been turned loose—in fact,

taken near to the spot—and "The Hermit" had looked on.

He knew his brother was in the habit of going to the village one night each year when the Governor, who was a native of that village, visited there. The animal, having once tasted blood, had strayed from his master when he left and come back to the same spot.

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## THE ARTIST

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*By Elizabeth Ellis.*

Last night when I left my garden,  
It was somber in dullest green;  
The flowers were faded and fallen,  
No brightness at all to be seen.  
But an artist has come—Jack Frost!

Today, what a picture before me!  
What glory is mine to behold!  
My maples are crimson and yellow,  
My flow'rs are the purest of gold,  
Since an artist has come—Jack Frost!

Could I paint in the years of a life time  
Just one of the trees, as you do,  
With its glorious, wonderful colors,  
The work of a night with you,  
What an artist I'd be, Jack Frost!

## STYLES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

*By Emily Carter.*

The styles of today, although some are extreme, are as a general thing very sensible. There has been much progress along this line, just as everything else. Men's styles have changed a great deal more than women's. Let us go back to the time of the Revolutionary War, and see how the men dressed then. Why, they wore colored coats with closely fitting breeches, fastened at the knee with a bunch of ribbon ends and a watchguard hanging from each fob. The shirt front was frilled and a white cravat was tied in a large bow at the chin. They also had on a wig, which was worn high upon the forehead with two rows of curls at the side. The headress was put into a heavy knot behind, and a little hat was worn on top.

Indeed, can we imagine the men of our day dressing in such a style? It would be a free show for us all if we could see them so. Men dressed in this fashion could ride about in carriages, but wouldn't be at all suited for driving automobiles or doing many more modern things. Think of some men and boys we know, and picture them with powdered wigs and silk coats with knee breeches. What fun it would be to see them

arrayed like this. We would think we were living in the eighteenth century instead of the twentieth.

Women's dress, too, has gone through very much change. During the eighteenth century women wore a stiff bodice laced in front, a gown gathered up in folds above the petticoat, and a laced apron and cap with hanging lappets. The hair was kneaded with pomatum and flour, drawn up over a cushion, and twisted into curls and knots and decorated with artificial flowers. The women of today would be just as out of place dressed in this fashion as the men. Wouldn't it be a nuisance to go shopping and have a long dress trailing on the floor? What would we do in this fast day and time? Suppose a lady dressed in colonial style were running to catch a street car, how far would she get with her silky garment trailing on the ground?

If some of the people of George III's time could come back and see our styles of today with short dresses and bobbed hair, they would be shocked to death! But, indeed, we are much better off in our present styles. For what man would like to dress up in all those fancy clothes, even if he would look pretty? We are more satisfied with our mode of dressing, which is sensible and convenient.

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WHEN THE HOME TEAM WINS

*By Elizabeth Ellis.*

In school, at home, and in every place,  
And almost ev'ry way,  
I'm just as quiet as can be  
With not very much to say.

I'd never think to scream and cheer  
And act like a perfect fright,  
Until our boys come out on the field  
To put up a clean, hard fight.

But then I forget that I'm not to yell,  
And commit those horrible sins;  
For our team bucks down with a spirit grim,  
Excelled by none—and wins!

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## THE HIDDEN ELEMENT

*By Alice Wicker.*

For many nights and days Eugene Forrest had worked in his laboratory, searching for an element which he knew would cure a deadly disease, which was raging in the city of B——. Then one morning, with the rays of God's sun shining in his laboratory, he hit upon the hidden element. He was very happy, indeed, to think that he had succeeded where others had failed. Carefully he bottled his discovery and then locked his formula, which he alone had, in his safe. He wanted to think over his success; therefore, leaving his laboratory, he walked through the deserted streets, and soon found himself on the highway. In a few moments he was seated in an old garden of a deserted house. A few yards before him he saw a young girl, kneeling beside a newly-made grave, making the sign of the cross. Never before had he seen such a picture, and he took off his hat, and stood in silence until she got up and faced him.

"Pardon, Monsieur," she said, and would have passed on had not Gene stopped her, and inquired after the deserted house. He learned that her father was an American, and had lived here when

he was a boy, later moving to France, where he had married. After she was born, he moved back to America, and soon died of the deadly disease. Consequently she came here daily to go through the simple form of making the sign of the cross. Soon she left, and Gene sat thinking, and sincerely hoping that his new discovery would prevent such cases. When the evening shadows began to creep through the trees, Gene aroused himself and went back to his laboratory.

The next day found Eugene Forrest, as usual, in his laboratory. He worked eagerly now and was whistling merrily when Harlan Harris, his college chum, walked in.

"Well, Gene," greeted Harlan, "how's that cure of yours progressing?"

"Laying all joking aside, Harlan, I have at last succeeded in finding the so-called hidden element."

"Congratulations, old man," and the two pals shook hands heartily.

"Yes," continued the chemist, "I expect to make my discovery known in a day or two at the chemists' convention."

"Whew!" sighed Harlan, and some would have thought that he was really thinking seriously, but Gene knew that Harlan had never had a serious thought in his life, mainly because he was never compelled.

"Gene, won't you help me? I'm in love."

The chemist evaded the question, and quietly answered:

"That's nothing new to you, Harlan."

At the chemists' convention the young chemist, in fact, the youngest one present, made known and explained his discovery. Soon he was surrounded by men, some congratulating him, and some envying him. Among them was a German chemist, Captain Schmidt. After the meeting, Gene and Captain Schmidt were talking on the street corner when Harlan and a girl came up. Gene could hardly believe his eyes. Yes, it was the little French girl, and Harlan introduced her as Miss Minette Lavelle. Gene saw at once that Captain Schmidt was interested in her, so he kindly gave him the opportunity of talking to her, while he and Harlan were talking. Soon the foreigner left with this remark to Gene: "I'll be around to see you tomorrow."

Long after Gene had gone home, those words worried him. Why was Captain Schmidt coming? He hadn't given him an invitation.

The following day Gene was looking at his bottled element when the German came. As Gene had his formula and element on his desk, the other chemist saw them, but down in his heart Gene

said if he had not had his discovery on his desk Captain Schmidt would have never seen it. In the midst of their conversation, Gene heard a knock at the door of the reception room, and he left the German in the laboratory so that he might greet Harlan and Miss Lavelle. When he returned to his laboratory the German put two bottles on the desk. In a few moments he left.

"I wish to goodness," declared Gene, "that man would leave my business alone."

"I don't like his looks," put in Harlan.

"He certainly is envious of you. The other night he told me that he deeply regretted he had not succeeded instead of you," Ninette remarked.

The subject was soon dropped and then Harlan explained his visit.

"You, see, Gene, Ninette's father was a beginner in chemistry, and she, like the rest of the world, is interested in your discovery."

Harlan walked about Gene's laboratory. It was a new field for him, and he realized that he was a privileged character, as few had the opportunity of wandering around in a chemical laboratory.

Presently, Gene and Ninette were interrupted by Harlan calling from the next room.

"Say, Gene, believe I'll pour

some of this blue liquid in your bottle. What would be the result?"

"Nothing much," laughed the interested young man. "Only," he added, "one of the most deadly poisons known would be formed. If you ever want to pass out before your time, pay me a visit and I'll fix you up," and he continued talking to Ninette. No one would on an oath say they were talking of the new discovery or anything pertaining to it. The afternoon passed quickly, so Gene said, but Harlan laughed, and told him he ought to slow up. That evening Gene took Ninette to see a Shakespearean play, and, on leaving the theater, he felt as though some one was looking at him. When he turned to one side he met the grim, hard stare of Captain Schmidt. Quickly he led Ninette out, but he couldn't help wondering why Captain Schmidt acted thus. Probably he was envious of him on account of his success, and then, there was Ninette; but he hated to think of the latter. The next morning Gene was astonished to hear that Harlan had disappeared, leaving no clue whatever. In the afternoon, while talking to Ninette he questioned her as to Harlan's disappearance. She only remarked that she knew nothing whatever.

"You see, Ninette, Harlan and I are pals, and if he is in trouble, I want to help him."

She did not answer, and when he turned to look at her, he could see that her thoughts were not with him.

Presently she remarked: "I don't think either of us need worry about Harlan."

Gene said nothing more to her, but he couldn't help wondering if Ninette and Harlan were nothing more than friends.

There is a climax to everything, so the climax came to Gene's success, but it came in the wrong way. One day he was looking at the element, sealed in a bottle, when all at once his face became as one on the verge of fainting, but he held his ground. He hardly knew what he was doing, but he uncorked the bottle, and held it to his nose. He shook it and again smelled it. Immediately he fell into the nearest chair. His labor, toil, the result of his success had failed. He was no more to be honored than other men. His element was poisoned! He knew this by two signs: first, the smell, and second, by the formation of a precipitate. His only hope lay in the formula, and quickly he unlocked his safe and nervously spread all his papers on the floor. The formula was gone! The disheartened chemist gathered all the papers and laid them away. He knew only two had handled his work. Harlan and the German. He wanted to forget the former,

but why had Harlan disappeared so mysteriously, leaving no clue. He tried to communicate with Captain Schmidt, but learned that he had left the city. Some thought he had sailed for his native land. Gene was discouraged, in fact, almost broken-hearted. He refused to go on the streets. They were deserted, for those who weren't sick, were attending to their friends. The cure had been found and lost, and Gene almost fainted at the thought of it. He moved in a mechanical way, doing little, but thinking a great deal. He forgot everyone. He knew he would, some time, have to tell the world that the element was still hidden. How they would mock and sneer at him! He would leave the city, telling no one. Strange to say, however, the thought of the little French girl came to him for the first time since he had discovered his loss, and he abandoned the idea of leaving the city. Besides it would be a cowardly act. If Harlan would only return! He wanted to see Ninette, and yet he was ashamed to.

On the third day of the following week he heard a knock at the door. He opened it, and there stood Ninette. Somehow she hesitated to go in, but soon this hesitation left her and she came in. Neither spoke, until she timidly asked:

"Gene, why haven't you come?"

He lowered his head, half in sorrow, half in shame. Then slowly he faced her, looking directly in her eyes, and saw that in one hand she held a newspaper and in the other a small piece of yellow paper. She gave him the daily paper. Immediately his eyes flashed with joy, for in it his loss was found. The German chemist had been caught using another man's formula, and had been put in jail, but had escaped. Farther down on the page he saw where a ship had been lost at sea, and one of its passengers was a German chemist. He started to speak, but the girl motioned for him to stop, and handed him the yellow slip of paper. It was a telegram from Harlan, telling of his marriage, the day after his disappearance, to his first girl playmate

in his native city. Gene could hardly speak, so great was his joy. Ninette was the first to speak.

"Gene, when I read that paper I almost knew you hadn't seen it. I went to the police headquarters and asked for your formula and they said you could get it any time you come after it."

"Ninette, did you do all this for me?"

She nodded.

In that moment Gene's brains worked fast. Harlan used to be in love with Ninette, but now—Well, her reward came, for the next boat that sailed for France carried three happy people. The one, a French widow and mother, happy because she was returning to her native land, and the other two, an American chemist with his young bride.

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## A SILVERY NIGHT

*By Bolling Bradley.*

I sat one night by a moonlit stream,  
Which flowed beneath a hill,  
Gazed in its depths and thought and dreamed;  
To me all was athrill.  
The silvery beams of a tranquil moon,  
And the stars in their array;  
Were sparkling on this murmuring stream,  
Transforming all into day.  
I caught the spirit of that night,  
And looked to God above,  
"God help me in some way to return  
These bounties of Thy love."

## TEST WEEK

*By Gladys Wilkinson.*

Everybody has many burdens to bear, but I think that test week is among the greatest discomforts of the world. The knowledge of standing any kind of a test is frightful enough, but to a student, it is nerve racking. Since the tests play such an important part in the monthly marks, it is the desire of nearly everyone to make the best grades possible. The uncertainty of when they will be given would be the source of much amusement to an outsider, and sometimes I believe the teachers enjoy seeing one writhe.

Test week has always had an ominous sound to me. In grammar school when I was told exactly what day I would have a certain test, I was fearful, but that cannot be compared to what I have endured since I have been in high school. As I never know when I am going to have a test, I am always uneasy because it seems that some teachers give them whenever they please, whether it is the beginning or the end of a month.

Occasionally I find a teacher who is kind enough to hint about a review, but how rarely such a precious jewel is found. The others seem to take a delight in keeping me in suspense. When I ask them about tests, they lead me to think

that that subject is very remote in their mind, and when they give a long lesson which is to be prepared with special care, I am sure that they have not thought of tests. The next day I go to class feeling very proud of myself for having such a good lesson, only to be met with the terrifying statement, "Get ready for tests." My heart jumps into my throat, then sinks like lead. In my excitement I even forget that day's lesson, much less recall the many other things I have had that month. When it is over, and I feel as if I have been through a sausage mill, the teacher calmly states that he is partial to unexpected tests as it shows how much the pupils really know. I can find no fault with that statement, at it is only too true, but it shows him what a dumb-bell I am.

I feel sad and dejected, and leave the class, go to another one, and probably meet the same fate. If I don't have them all that day, I study that night for the rest of them. The next day I don't have the ones I study for, so I miss my lessons. If there were no tests, I would enjoy coming to school, but, of course, there is always some one to take the joy out of life. I wonder how I could get revenge some day on them. I wonder—.

---

A TRIOLET

*By Honoria Moomaw.*

Hollyhocks around the fence,  
A box-wood hedge, a garden walk,  
Bridal-wreath in masses dense—  
Hollyhocks around the fence;  
A garden breathing to the sense  
Secrets of many an old, old talk—  
Hollyhocks around the fence,  
A box-wood hedge, a garden walk.

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THE BROKEN BRIDGE

*By John Barrett.*

At that silent hour, between mid-night and dawn, "Bat" Miller crept cautiously across the road into the grove of trees where his horse stood safely hidden from view. Three hundred yards behind him lay the outskirts of a little mining town. Still farther back, lay a wrecked safe and a dead watchman in the office of the Great West Mining Co. Tucked away inside of Bat's coat was the roll of bills he had taken from the safe.

Bat had planned and carried out the daring robbery alone. He had taken no one into his confidence, because he did not trust others of his kind. Not only had he planned well the blowing of the safe when he knew it contained a large sum of money to be used in paying off the men at the mine, but he had

not overlooked the matter of his own subsequent safety.

He chuckled to himself as he swung into the saddle and guided his horse into the road. All was quiet behind him; he had not so much as aroused the sleeping dogs. All he wanted was two hours' start ahead of those who would set out in pursuit of him. He made no effort to hide his trail, for it was a part of his plan to have his pursuers find it as quickly as possible. He rode leisurely away from the scene of his crime, increasing the speed of his horse when safely out of hearing.

When daylight came, he was riding along a low ridge covered with pine timber. Eighty feet below was the canon with a mountain stream flowing at the bottom. Right before him a rude suspension

bridge, supported by cables, had been thrown across the chasm. The floor of the bridge had rotted in places, and no one had thought of taking a pack horse across it for a long time.

Bat halted his horse within ten feet of the bridge, and slipping the reins over the horse's head, he led him upon the swaying structure. When he had gone as far as he considered it safe to go with the horse, he stopped and wrapped the reins about the side cable. Taking a small package from one of the saddle pockets and thrusting it into his own pocket, he continued to pick his way across the bridge, leaving the horse snorting with fear and unable to turn around. Upon reaching the other side, he unwrapped the package, and removed two sticks of dynamite with cap and fuse attached. He wedged the explosive under the main cable, and, after striking a match to the fuse, he retired to a safe distance.

In less than a minute there was a sharp crack and pieces of rock flew into the air. The cable jerked free of its support, the bridge sagged sidewise and the whole weight was thrown upon the smaller side cable. The cable broke under the heavy strain, and the whole structure fell into the gorge. There was a scream of agony when the horse struck upon the jagged rocks, and

in a moment the lifeless body was carried away by the current.

Bat Miller laughed harshly at the destruction he had wrought.

"Couldn't have done better," he muttered. "Dead horse and all make it look just like I fell through the bridge. They'll never guess why the cable broke, and while they're dragging the river for my body, I can sneak out of the country."

Still chuckling about his getaway, he entered a cave between two rocks and sat down to rest. He withdrew from his pocket the packet of bills and counted them. There was over seven thousand dollars—a good haul when he considered the ease with which he had gotten away, and his loss, so far, only a horse and saddle. He lay down to sleep, satisfied that he would not be discovered.

It was near noon when he was aroused by the smell of wood smoke. He looked upward to behold an enveloping haze overhead, smoke drifting high above him. He knew instantly the meaning of that—a forest fire. Whether the fire was across the gorge or on his side he could not tell, but he arose immediately. He started along the ridge and before he had proceeded a hundred yards he felt a puff of hot air along with the smoke, and he knew that the fire was on his side of the gorge. Bat began to

run, but in every direction he was hemmed in—the canon on one side and the fire on every other side. He saw the stream of water below in the canon, and wished there was some way to get down to it. He reached the spot where the bridge had stood, and as he looked at the wreck dangling against the opposite wall, he cursed himself for destroying it. The bridge would have been a passage to safety, but now he stood with the hopelessness of a trapped animal. The fire drew nearer and nearer, and the very

rocks became hot. The heat forced him nearer to the brink of the gorge and it became so terrible that he could not stand it any longer. He threw out his arms, toppled and went over into the canon. Whirling over and over in descent, he struck the rocks and there his body lodged, caught between two boulders.

And so it was that at sundown the searchers found them, horse and rider, near each other, the package of bills buttoned tightly under the coat of the man.

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## A CHINESE BUCCANEER

*By Powell Lum.*

1

Only the China Ocean to roam,  
Hunting for treasure rare:  
With a boisterous cutthroat crew,  
Having no fears or care.  
Ho! for the wide, wide China Sea,  
The only, only life for me.

2

Only to cross the opal blue  
Of this breezy and silent sea,  
Thinking no thoughts—living no lives  
But those that pertain to me.  
Ho! for the wide, wide China Sea,  
The only, only life for me.

3

Only to fight my way into  
The pirate's treasure pass  
(Where gold is stored in golden hoards)  
By the swing of an old cutlass.  
Ho! for the wide, wide China Sea,  
The only, only life for me.

## CRITICISM OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

*By Bernard Bain.*

I was walking down the street the other day when I heard a man make a statement. This statement started me to thinking. Then I realized that our great language isn't everything that our English teacher says it is. This is what the man said: "I saw a saw saw."

Now, when Mr. Webster wrote the English language it seems to me that he should have studied the subject more fully. Why couldn't he fix it so we could say, "I seed the sawer," let the saw do anything except saw?

Here is another one: Last spring I saw a spring in the spring. Now, this could be arranged otherwise. Why couldn't we call the spring that springs one thing and the spring that doesn't spring another thing and call spring spring?

Now, let me show you a few more that could have been prevented: "Lend me your ears while I eat this ear of corn." "I express the desire to have this express expressed." "The butcher chops chops." "She can can with tin cans." "The plaiter ate out of a platter." "Oh! what dear dear." "You can't comb a chicken's comb." "He changed his change. The doctor told him he needed a change." "Look at that bill in the duck's bill." "The belle rang the

bell." "Where be the bees?" "He was held at bay, at the bay, back of my bay window by the baying of the dogs." "The bank was banked against the bank." "Turn your back back this way." "These are all the awls." "The chorus was sung by the chorus." "That party was at that party." "That drunkard got a fine fine." "The flags grow where I had a flag." "Hail to the hail." "Just now I think he will be just." "The guard will guard the guard." "I hope there is some hope left." "Don't give that doe any dough." "He left it just at your left." "That loom looms up over the loom." "Mark this mark." "You may do it next May." "Mind his mind." "You can mold the mold with that mold." "In order that he might succeed he ordered an order." "A pail can't be pale." "You must have a pass if you want to pass that pass." "The past has past." "It is no play to play in a play." "Pop, did you hear that pop-cracker pop?" "He doesn't give a rap if he does rap." "I will show you the second one in just a second." "Turn at the next turn." "Paw, did you see that dog paw the ground with his paw?"

I stop now because my arm is sore on account of carrying arms, therefore I will rest it on the arm of my chair.

## ABSENCE

*By Ruth Akerman.*

I left my town, so commonplace,  
Big, noisy, gray and dreary;  
But absence may dislike erase,  
The town that seemed so commonplace  
Is now accorded every grace,  
Until my friends are weary.  
Yet it was often commonplace,  
And very big and dreary.

## THE SUNSHINE LADY

*By Virginia Spain.*

As Gay walked happily through the spacious wood with her little dog, Spot, she came within an inch of stepping on the feet of a tramp.

Gay raised hands of horror as the tramp rose, cap in hand, bowing. He was sun-baked, curly headed and handsome enough for any woman to excuse his rags and bold enough for any girl to desire his acquaintance.

"I introduce myself as Rob the Wanderer," said the tramp, "and am from a far off country, Chicago."

"Oh, wisdom of the wise!" she laughed, "and you, Mr. Tramp, must confess now."

"Isn't that enough?" asked the tramp.

"No," said she, "you must confess."

But, as Gay walked down the little lane with him, she realized that he was more than a vagabond. He was a gentleman; she had read that in his very countenance. She read still more. He was a man, strong and sturdy, a man who goes straight to his purpose and wins through. In other words, he was the man she had seen in her dreams. The silence was soon broken by the tramp while passing by an old house called Burkside Court.

"That's a fine house," said the tramp. "Yes, and beautifully haunted; there's a ghost in the High Gallery. It is said to be there at dusk. By the way, we are asked to be at Mrs. Stone's at dusk tomorrow."

"At dusk," said the tramp.

"Yes, that is the ghost hour," repeated Gay deeply in earnest. "It is no fake of midnight horror, but a maiden in a blue gown of long-ago fashion seen by the window of the gallery."

The tramp seemed very much interested.

"They don't grow family ghosts where I came from," said he. "I'd give my head to see the Sunshine Lady."

"It is no joke," said Gay, "really it isn't. I believe in her. I want to look into her eyes and tell her how sorry I am that the sunshine faded so soon from her gay sweet life. The Masons, who own the house, believe truly in their ghost who haunts the gallery."

"Funny how such tales are born!" said the tramp. "She is probably like me—outs with fortune. I should like to know her. If I come tomorrow with my coat mended, will you kindly take me to the haunted gallery?"

His plea was so sorrowful she found herself uttering "yes" before she realized it.

"I will ask Mrs. Pilcher," she told him.

"But, if you ask to carry a vagabond she will say 'no.' Won't you kindly call me your friend? My ambition will be reached when she looks at me from out of her cloak of sunbeams."

By this time Gay had reached

her home. With this she bade him farewell until the next day at sunset.

And the next day brought restless hours, though why Gay could not have explained. But her pulse raced when a handsome man came up the lane.

He had mended his coat or changed it for a more respectable attire. He could pass well enough for a country gentleman. Only his complexion and a certain tightening about his mouth told he had been playing a lone hand in a far-away country for many years.

"If you see the Sunshine Lady, we shall expect to be taken on the river tomorrow in your little boat I saw you come in today. Is it a bargain?" said Gay.

He looked very thoughtful. "Agreed," he said. "But I must see the ghost or the bargain is off."

Mrs. Stone was one of the rare type who must have been born wearing a housekeeper's silk and lace cap. She was the honorable housekeeper to Sir Edward Mason.

She greeted her visitors with placid hospitality. Mrs. Stone herself led the way to the Long Gallery. She knew her duty. And if they wished to see the strange ghost she herself must be present.

Gay didn't care whether she was present or not. Her mind dwelt on the Sunshine Lady.

Mrs. Stone went on relating the

history of the Sunshine Lady, when she was suddenly interrupted by the tramp.

He stood as one frozen, pointing toward the window.

"Look!" he cried. "A girl in blue, with red roses at her breast and a scar across her forehead! Look! She's beckoning us nearer!"

They saw nothing, but kept looking, each chilled in awe. So intent were they that they did not turn their heads; they forgot all about the Stranger. Then Mrs. Stone spoke.

"He must have seen her!" said she, "for the scar is what everyone dared not speak of."

With this the housekeeper turned around and gave a cry of amazement. For the man had disappeared. The systery was terrifying. The gallery door had been neither opened nor closed; he had given no word of farewell. He had pointed to the empty window and vanished.

Gay wrung her hands and wondered if the world was composed of villains. The housekeeper forgot her dignity and screamed.

The mystery deepened.

In the hall below, the butler had been setting the table, since Colonel Mason was bringing home some friends to dine.

The old butler upon being asked said: Not as much as a mouse has run across the floor. He would

wager his place for that.

"It was a spirit," said Mrs. Stone.

They kept talking hysterically, but soon put the question up to Gay.

"Who was the stranger, Miss Gay? I understand he was your friend."

"He is a foreigner," said Gay.

"That's what I suspected. You'll need to be looking after your silver soon."

Gay told her that it was time they were going anyhow.

But Mrs. Stone wasn't letting Gay off easy. She said: "Let me inform you that Colonel Mason will hear the tale by eight o'clock this evening. I'm sure he'll be sending to ask an explanation about the matter."

Gay stiffened.

"Your master," said she coldly, "shall have all the explanation I can give."

Gay wondered how and why Rob had vanished! Had he really seen the Sunshine Lady?

Her anxiety was not lessened by an introduction to Colonel Mason. He was not a hero, but a lean, sour man, with eyes of a fox and the mouth of a bully.

"I shall be glad, ladies," said he, "to know your object in bringing a stranger to my house and introducing him as your friend, one whose name you did not know.

This is a very dangerous proposition. I must know the facts."

Gay told him all she knew.

But one thing Colonel Mason would like to know in particular was where the man was from.

"Where is this fellow from?"

"He is from Chicago," said Gay.

"From Chicago!" he whispered. "Chicago! You are sure he come from Chicago?"

The pealing of the bell drowned Gay's answer. The butler entered the room.

"Sir Robert Thursfield, sir," said he.

Gay wondered who Sir Robert Th—— —

But just then Rob, the wanderer, stepped into the library. Something told Gay that she must leave; these men might want to talk private business.

Gay did not go to bed right away. She went out and sat on the step, watching the silver sweetness of moonshine creeping over the tree tops.

How peaceful it was! And how unpeaceful was she! She had seen Rob's eyes as he entered that library. She knew it was he. But who was Sir Robert Thursfield?

Gay felt restless. She rose and went halfway down the lane of the garden and paused, timid of the night hour.

The hush was broken by a quick step. It was Rob who came out and

stopped beside her.

"My dream girl," said he soothingly, "am I to kneel in homage and gratitude?"

She blushed rosily and drew back.

"No," said she, "but won't you tell me how you left the gallery and if your name is really Thursfield?"

He laughed gayly.

"Because my name is Thursfield," said he. "I knew the secret of the gallery stairs. Cousin Mason has searched in vain for it. In the hidden room at the foot of the stairs. I supposed he thought I knew where the will lay hidden and what the will contained; but search as he might he never found the hidden room, or the secret of the stairs. I supposed he thought I was dead. But he was afraid of the stranger who saw the Sunshine Lady. Now do you understand why and how Robert Thursfield would have found the gates of the court closed against him?"

Gay looked amazed.

"And you are the owner?" she cried. "But who is the Sunshine Lady?"

The man grew grave, sighing a little. Around them the moonlight showed magic loveliness, but Gay had not time for silvered sword or swaying leaves. She was looking up into the eyes of a man who had been the hero of her dreams.

"My Sunshine Lady," said he, "is Gay, my dream girl."

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DEATH

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*By Ethel Clements.*

Oh, like a hungry panther, Death,  
You pounce upon your prey,  
Till in the dreadfulest movement  
Turns the black night from day.

Or like the lingering angels,  
With harps that swell and sweep,  
Your chosen one the music soft  
With dreams will lull to sleep.

Oh, Death, do not take me away  
With a fierce cold clutching hand;  
Far sweeter is the lingering one  
To God's own promised land.

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THE LIBRARY

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*By Virginia Callis.*

The library is looked upon as a junkshop, storehouse or treasure room, whether the spectator or on-looker realizes it or not. The statement sounds rather peculiar at one casual glance, but look deeper. What are the real feelings of the average student towards the library? What does he think of it?

The library, majestic rows of numberless volumes, is a junkshop. Hidden between the covers of countless books may be found, what? In a great number of instances the books are entirely too ponderous to be inviting to the average pupil. Notice the word is

not student. There seems to be a shade of difference between the meaning of *student* and *pupil*. A student studies. A pupil simply does the assigned tasks. How can a pupil undertake to search for truths in this vast pile of knowledge, when they may be found in the encyclopedia? If he needs something for his work, probably it can be picked up in the library or junkshop, if he can find it nowhere else.

The library is a storeroom. Materials run low and a new supply may be obtained from the storehouse. Great truths, good litera-

ture and unbounded knowledge may be found in the warehouse which is visited only in time of need. What student has time to spare over the time-worn passages for the pure joy of it? No, he feels that he wants to know more than just sketches from a book of knowledge, but time presses. He looks up a few marked passages and hurries on to the business of consuming this knowledge, only to go back to the storeroom when this consignment has been used.

The library is a treasure room

for a very few. Sage reasonings from the old writers, novels of all ages, histories, dramas, debates and current events are all in one glittering heap. It is true that the heart is where the treasure is, and he who owns this mass of it is glad to visit it daily with the purest of joy. He can lose himself for hours in intimate counsels with these wise friends who can teach him so much.

Isn't it true that a library is a junkshop, a storehouse or a treasure room?

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## TIME

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*By Anna Munden.*

Little by little the time goes by,  
Will it return again, just for a day?  
It can be made happy if one will try;  
Little by little the time goes by—  
Ticking and tocking away it will fly,  
For others to use it, while waste it we may.  
Little by little the time goes by.  
Will it return again, just for a day?

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**EDITORIAL COMMENT****CHANGING THE MISSILE**

This year the Missile staff is publishing a paper whose arrangement, we think, is perhaps better than that of the previous issues. We have thought it best to have the Missile strictly literary, using such forms as short stories, essays and poems. If we did publish in the Missile accounts of games and various other school notes, they would be quite old to us, since they would already have appeared in the School Weekly News. This page of school news, which is in The Progress-Index every Sunday, is really a branch of the Missile, and we want to consider it as such.

There are some pupils who like to keep their Missile for a review of the happenings in school. A

paper published every two months is, of course, more conveniently preserved than one published every week. However, do you think that there are really enough pupils who even read the Alumni, Athletic and Exchange Departments in the Missile to justify us printing them? In the place of these various, perhaps, useless departments, we can publish more stories, essays, etc., and the cost of our paper will still be practically the same as it has been. For the lighter side there will still be the Little Missile. Perhaps once a year we will list the schools from whom we receive papers, so that the pupils may know with just what schools we exchange.

However, the Missile is yours, fellow students, and not the staff's only. It is for you to say what you want, and we will try to give it to you.

**D. T.**

### WRITING FOR THE MISSILE

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All of the students of P. H. S. should desire to have some of their English work in the "Missile." It is an honor to accomplish this aim, and also an indirect help to our school.

The "Missile" is our magazine. In it we try to express our ideals, and make it rank among the best in the country. Some students say they cannot write short stories, poems and essays, but when they really try, they often surprise themselves. Of course we do not have experienced writers, and some have more talent than others, yet if everyone would really give

his best, our school magazine would have an excellent literary department. Let's make our work snappy, lively and humorous, and always remember that we want it in the "Missile."

If we have a large quantity of good material to choose from, we can have a bigger and better "Missile." Other schools will have a better opinion of us, and want to know more of us. Then there will be more people who will want to read the magazine, and thus increase the sales. Since we can help P. H. S. in such a small way, come on, put some pep in it, and get some fun out of writing for the "Missile."  
G. N.

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### LITTLE MISSILES.

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The editor may toil and work,  
Till finger tips are sore;  
But always some poor fish will say,  
I've heard that joke before.

Wilmer: "Say, your mouth reminds me of wood."

Jimmy W.: "How's that?"

Wilmer: "Underwood."

Mildred: "Helen says Jack is teaching her to drive his car."

Runt: "I know it. When I saw them, he was demonstrating the clutch."

Teacher: "Can anyone give me a sentence using the word 'notwithstanding'?"

Bright young voice from the rear: "I wore a hole in my pants yesterday, but not with standing."

---

He "Why do men take off their hats in elevators when a lady steps in?"

Bright young girl: "So that the lady can tell whether he's young or old."

Thirsty days has September,  
 April, June and November;  
 All the rest are thirsty, too,  
 If you don't make your own Home  
 Brew.

"I played Mah Jong last night  
 with a solid ivory set."

"Who were they?"

Mr. Powers, in study hall: "Miss  
 Willcox, haven't you anything to  
 do?"

Barbara: "No, sir, Miss Guer-  
 rant just made me throw my  
 chewing gum away."

We would suggest that each golf  
 ball be equipped with a compass,  
 so that it can find itself when lost.

"What could be more sad,"  
 asked the teacher, "than a man  
 without a country?"

"A country without a man,"  
 answered the flapper-to-be.

When a girl looks sweet enough  
 to eat, don't give her the chance.

#### REGRET

*By Ruth Akerman.*

I thought I'd pass, surely,  
 And rank with the best.  
 My study stopped early,  
 I thought I'd pass, surely;  
 But now I am purely  
 By sorrow possessed.  
 I thought I'd pass, surely,  
 And rank with the best.

Judge: "With what instrument  
 or article did your wife inflict  
 these wounds on your face and  
 head?"

Mike: "Wid a motter, yer on-  
 ner."

Judge: "A what?"

Mike: "A motter—won o' these  
 frames wid 'God Bless our Home'  
 in it."

Little Boy: "Mama, papa makes  
 a different noise for every kind of  
 food he eats."

Janet: Did you see my belt  
 around the house?"

Mrs. Cohen: "No dear. Did  
 you put it around the house?"

Hampton: "You are the sun-  
 shine of my heart. You alone reign  
 in my heart. Without you life is  
 but a dreary cloud."

Barbara: "Say, is this a pro-  
 posal or a weather report?"

A girl in the auto's worth two  
 on a porch.

#### "DID YOU EVER"

*By Frank Temple.*

Have you ever heard of a healthy  
 lad,

A chap that was never, never bad?  
 Have you? I haven't.

Can you think of just one that is  
 ever good,

And always acts in the way that he  
 should?

Can you? I can't.

Is there such a kid to be found,  
 If his body is strong and his mind  
     is sound?  
 If there is, please answer this,  
     Is he human?

Customer (to tailor): "Look here  
 tailor, you've made a mess of this  
 vest. A button too many at the  
 top, and a button-hole too many at  
 the bottom."

Stage Manager: "All ready, run  
 up the curtain."

Stage Hand: "Say, what do you  
 think I am, a squirrel?"

She: "What day in the year do  
 women talk the least?"

He: "The shortest one, of  
 course."

Martha says it's better to love a  
 "Short" man than never to have  
 loved a tall.

George (riding on the cater-  
 pillar with Anne): "I heard that  
 the caterpillar cost more than any-  
 thing out here at the fair."

Anne: "It was an absolute  
 waste of money as far as you are  
 concerned."

#### PROBLEMS OF TUNING

*By Reynolds Marchant.*

A buzz and a whistle greet my ears  
 As I turn the knob tonight.  
 Then comes a most unwelcomed  
     roar,

Which means "turn down the  
     light."

I turn the variocoupler knob,  
 And a howl comes out through  
     the phones.

A radio set can certainly make  
 A various number of tones.  
 A smile spreads gradually over my  
     face,

And I am done for the day;  
 For a voice comes out of my radio  
     set,

Saying, "This is K. D. K. A."

Francis: "May I have the next  
 dance?"

Flora: "Yes, if you can find a  
 partner."

Mr. Miller, after reading a pass-  
 age from L'Allegro: "Who can  
 explain what was meant by the  
 checkered shade?"

Margaret Mackasay: "A sun-  
 bonnet."

We do not object to flowery  
 speeches unless they are of the  
 rambling variety.

Tom: "I'll bet I can make a  
 funnier face than you can."

Dick: "No wonder. Look at the  
 start you've got on me."

Teacher (rapping on desk):  
 "Order, students, order!"

Student (just awakening):  
 "Egg sandwich and a cup of  
     coffee."

The main difference between a girl  
chewing gum and a cow chewing  
his cud is that the cow usually  
looks thoughtful.

The Soph was standing on the  
track,  
The train was coming fast;  
The Soph stepped off the track,  
To let the train go past.

Mr. Freas: "What is Castile?"  
(referring to a part of Spain).

Mary F. C.: "Soap."

#### A TRIOLET

*By Catherine Cook.*

To write a triolet  
Seems a little thing to ask,  
But it's "big" for me as yet  
To write a triolet.  
It is not safe to bet  
That I can fill this task.  
To write a triolet  
Seems a little thing to ask.

Chemistry Teacher: "What does  
Ca Ul stand for?"

Student: "I dunno, never rode  
that railway."

In the ruins of an old church ex-  
cavators found a queer shaped  
basket filled with buttons. It  
must have been the collection plate.

Desperate Suitor: "Tommy, I'll  
give you a quarter if you will get  
me a lock of your sister's hair."

Small Brother: "Make it a dol-  
lar and I'll get you the whole  
bunch. I know where she keeps  
them."

Mistress (to new maid): "Have  
you changed the water in the gold-  
fish bowl yet?"

New Maid: "No m'am, they  
haven't drunk that yet."

Mr. Pettit, in history class: "My  
name originally meant 'small.' "

Voice from rear: "How times  
have changed."

Electric Company: "We should  
be called the light brigade."

Consumer (sarcastically): "O,  
what a charge they made!"

Jack: "Dad, can you sign your  
name with your eyes shut?"

Dad: "Certainly."

Jack: "Then shut your eyes and  
sign my report."

Sammy: "Ma, I got a 100."

Mother: "Fine, what did you get  
a 100 on?"

Sammy: "Two subjects. Sixty  
on reading, and forty on spelling."

A teacher had been carefully ex-  
plaining to her class the character-  
istics of the rhinoceros family.

"Now name some things that  
have horns," she said.

"Motor cars," promptly an-  
swered little Henry.

### SCRAPS

(This article very obviously resembles a quilt, in that it is made up of bits or scraps of news which are sewed together in a most outlandish fashion, so that the colors or designs of the separate scraps neither harmonize nor fit, and the final result is a quilt which is much too small to be of any use. Any one with true school spirit, however, should look it over.)

---

P. H. S. is proud of the School Weekly, and wants to compliment the staff for its smooth running. The news is live, the magazine reviews excellent, and the column is always refreshing.

---

The Rives Memorial Fund is now \$150. It is probable that it will be turned into a scholarship fund as a memorial to Miss Mollie Rives.

---

The new Student Council has been organized, and the prospects are good. The new officers are Elizabeth Hargrave, president; Billy Irvine, vice-president, and Dot Tucker, secretary. Last year's "10 units of office plan" has been adopted and put into effect. They have conducted their first Assembly and showed rare judgment in picking Dan Hollenga as their speaker.

---

Looking over our list of speak-

ers for the Tuesday morning Assemblies, we cannot help but feel how fortunate we have been. Here they are; "look 'em over": Mr. Hearne, Sunshine Hawks, Miss Swinhart, Korean missionary; Mr. Norman V. Pearce, from Australia; Dr. Hemphill, and Carter Bishop. "How's that?"

---

Captain Carter Bishop, as usual, is serving the History Club. The club has been to the Crater and Fort Stedman already, and will visit many other points of historical interest under his leadership before the close of the present term.

The Civics Club has taken one eventful trip to Richmond, where they visited the Penitentiary, the Capitol building, St. John's Church, Inland Game and Fisheries, Church Hill, and the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine.

---

We have had, of course, our regular Page and Daniel Literary Society meetings, but the Senior Page has conceived the idea of a Junior Page Society for the Seventh Grade. A committee consisting of Mildred Smith and Helen Willcox called for a meeting of Seventh Graders who were interested and explained exactly what was expected of them and the purpose of organizing such a society. We are confident that this Junior Society will soon be doing things.

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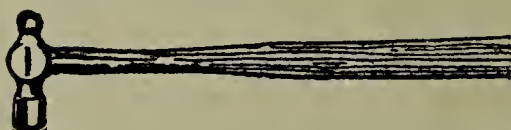
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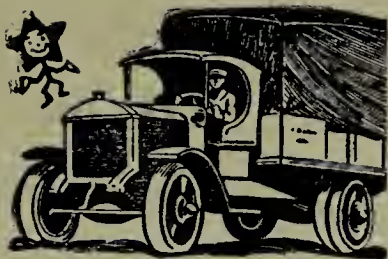
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